

PATRIOTIC SONGS

COMPILED BY PAT MALONE



NON SILBA SED ANTHAR

(Not for Self but for Others)

Price 10 Cents a Copy

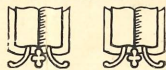


What is Americanism?

Americanism is not a race, nor a given strain of blood, we are composed of many races—perhaps too many; but it is now too late to select, except for the future. Many of our best, truest Americans were born in other lands, under other flags, many times more loyal to our country than the descendants of families here for many generations.

Americanism is faith in our country, love for it, confidence in its future; the will to sacrifice for it, to save for it, to spend for it, to fight for it, to die for it if need be. Are you this kind of an American? If so, then the country can depend on you; if not, you are a misfit.

—Pat Malone.



America.

My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side let freedom ring.

My native country thee, land of the noble free, thy name I
love;
I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees sweet
freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake; let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, the sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee, Author of liberty, to Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright, with freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might, Great God our King!

Stand Up for Jesus.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with dan-
ger
And strength to strength
oppose.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
You dare not trust your
own.

Put on the gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See his banner go!

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then Christian soldiers
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise,
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems wave.

Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This thro' countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Onward, etc.

The Little Red School House

Tune "Old Oaken Bucket"

P. A. SEQUIN

The little red school house is nearer and dearer
As down through the years I am passing along;
How often the lessons I learned there have helped me!
Nor can I refrain now to raise this my song;
No "Mulligan Guards" in the school of my childhood,
We read not with prejudice but with our eye.

CHORUS

I'll vote for the School House,
The Little Red School House,
I'll vote for the School House,
I'll save it or die.

In lands where the Romans hold longest dominion,
Is ignorance, blackest and darkest crime.
Awaken ye, Yankees, and guard well the school house.
The FOE is upon us, don't lose any time,
For foul foreign hands clutch the throat of our Goddess,
Come, enter the battle with this for your cry:

We sang "Hail Columbia" instead of Hail Mary,
And never "a once" to the Pope do we kneel;
No crossing ourselves in the little Red School House,
Then why let the Romans our Treasury steal?
Our teachers had Bibles and led our devotions,
But now, all such teachers and Bibles must fly.

We'll Fight for Freedom.

By PAT MALONE

Tune "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

The Klan is fighting for our freedom, and they never will retreat,
They will drive the foreign traitors from America so sweet,
They will never see your banner trampled by the foe they meet,
They will fight for liberty.

CHORUS

They will keep the banners waving,
They will keep the banners waving,
They will keep the banners waving,
They will fight for liberty.

They will never see our country hampered by the traitor's rule,
They will guard religious freedom and protect the public school;
Their cause is pure and worthy and they're bound to reach
the goal;

They will fight for liberty.

Let the today politician soon begin to read his fate,
We are finding men of courage now to man the Ship of State,
No matter how the traitors scheme or manifest their hate;
They will vote for freedom's reign.

With foreign immigration they would soon control the town,
Though our bill has passed way up the line, Rome tries to
scowl us down,
At the White House we are needing one who fears no mortal
frown,
So vote for freedom's reign.

The Great Movement.

By PAT MALONE

Tune "Tramp, Tramp"

There's a movement strong and grand
Spreading over all the land,
Giving joy and peace and gladness to the world,
'Tis a battle for the right,
Every patriot in the fight,
And our Ku Klux banner is unfurled.

CHORUS

Klux, Klux, Klux, the Klan is marching,
Cheer up, Klansmen, never yield,
We are ready for the fray,
And we're sure to win the day,
And we'll drive the gang of traitors from the field.

Shall our birthright be denied?
Shall we see our laws defied
By a band of weakkneed dealers who demand,
With their scornful bitter hate,
That within our own dear state,
Not a law that checks their fiendish trade shall stand.

VERSE

Now the Klansmen have gone forth
From the South, the East, the North,
From the valleys to the highest mountain domes.
With our fortunes and our lives,
We'll protect our sons and wives,
And defend the sacred altars of our homes.

CHORUS

Onward Ku Klux Klansmen

Tune "Onward Christian Soldier"

Onward Ku Klux Klansmen, lift your banners high
Let your blazing crosses flash across the sky;
Let Loves mighty power by your armour bright,
Duty be your flaming sword defending sacred right.

CHORUS

Onward Ku Klux Klansmen lift your banners high
Let your blazing crosses flash across the sky.
Like the shining glory of the radiant light
Shout the previous story truths triumph o'er night.
We have come for service God and home and man
For that is the purpose of our holy Klan.

Hail! Hail! The Klan's All Here.

Hail! Hail! the Klans all here,
You got to be a Kluxer,
You got to be a Kluxer,
Hail! Hail! the Klans all here,
You got to be a Kluxer now.

Dare to Be a Klansman.

By PAT MALONE

Tune "Dare to Be a Daniel"

Standing by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honor them the faithful few,
Who join the Klansman band.

CHORUS

Dare to be a Klansman
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm,
Dare to make it known.

Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host,
By joining the Klansman band.

CHORUS

Many traitors great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth will fall,
When met by Klansmen's band.

CHORUS

Hold the Klansmen banner high,
On to victory grand!
The Priest and his host defy,
And shout for Klansmen's band.

CHORUS

Rally Song.

Come all you Kluxers and let us sing,
Lift up your voices let the old town ring;
Let the people of Wisconsin hear the echo as we say:
We'll put Americans in Madison on Election Day.

CHORUS

The K. K. K. is going to have a Big Parade;
The K. K. K. you know the reason why;
The K. K. K. is going to have a Big Parade,
And you better take your hat off when the flag goes by.
We are going to show the Governor and his friends of
Rum and Rome,
When it comes Election Day, we will not stay home;
We are tired of their Policies and Politics
As well, and we're going to vote the whole shebang
back to Boscobell.

Klux Wisconsin.

Tune "On Wisconsin"

Klux Wisconsin, Klux Wisconsin;
Klansman make that goal;
Klux the old folks, Klux the young folks
Boys, we'll make some show;
Klux Wisconsin, Klux Wisconsin,
Klux on for her fame,
Klux, Klansman Klux
And we will save her name.